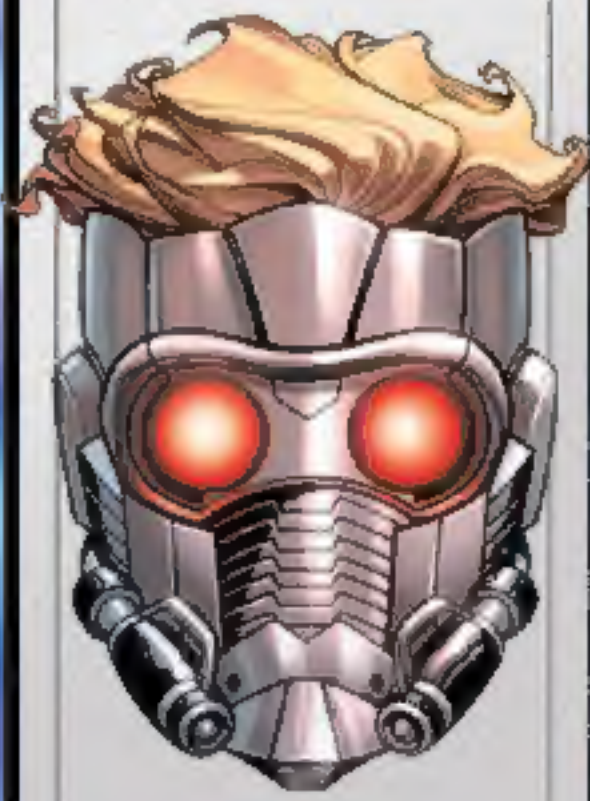


147



DUGGAN  
TO  
HERRING

# GUARDIANS *of the* GALAXY<sup>®</sup>







BLACK SHEEP, SCOUNDRELS, WEIRDOS: PETER QUILL--A.K.A. STAR-LORD--DRAX THE DESTROYER, GAMORA, SCOTT LANG--A.K.A. ANT-MAN--ROCKET RACCOON, AND GROOT LEARNED TO LOOK AFTER THEIR OWN INTERESTS, THEN DISCOVERED THEY COULD NOT STAND BY WHEN THE UNIVERSE WAS IN PERIL. THEY HAVE NO OFFICIAL JURISDICTION, BUT IF YOU'RE IN TROUBLE (OR YOU'VE GOT A LINE ON A SCORE) IN THE MILKY WAY, YOU CAN CALL THE...

ISSUE 147

# GUARDIANS of the GALAXY



## in "Fortress"

EMBARKING ON THEIR QUEST FOR THE INFINITY STONES, THE GUARDIANS STOPPED ON EARTH TO SEE IF ANYONE COULD HELP. ANT-MAN AGREED TO TAG ALONG, THOUGH CALLING HIM "HELPFUL" WOULD PROBABLY BE AN OVERSTATEMENT...

BEFORE THE CREW GOT ON THEIR WAY, THE NOVA CORPS CALLED IN A FAVOR. NOW THE GUARDIANS ARE UNDERCOVER, HOPING TO FIGURE OUT WHO'S SABOTAGING EVERYONE'S FAVORITE SPACE COPS. IT'S NOT GOING GREAT: GAMORA AND SCOTT ARE TRAPPED ON A SHIP RAVAGED BY ULTRON ZOMBIES, PETER IS FACING THE SHOCKING REVELATION THAT RICH RIDER, A.K.A. NOVA, IS ACTUALLY ALIVE, AND ROCKET IS...WELL, ROCKET'S DOING JUST FINE.

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DEATH BY  
HEAVY METAL  
ULTRON ZOMBIES  
WASN'T HOW I  
EVER IMAGINED  
DYING.



THIS IS  
THE FORWARD-  
MOST COMPARTMENT.  
WE HAVE NOWHERE  
ELSE TO GO.

YOU SAID  
YOU HAD A BIG  
IDEA, ANT-MAN--  
NOW'S THE  
TIME.

EVERYONE  
GET AGAINST  
THE WINDOW.

JOIN US,  
ANT-MAN!  
BECOME ONE  
WITH ULTRON!

HANK PYM  
SAYS HI,  
SCOTTY!

WHUMP

BAM

BOOM

HA-HA-HA!



YOU  
CAN'T HOLD  
THE DOOR BY  
YOURSELF!



NO, I  
CAN'T--NOT  
AT THIS SIZE,  
GAMORA.



GASPI!

HELA'S  
BOSOM.



IT'S  
ANOTHER  
NEAT »HUFF«  
TRICK...OF  
MINE.

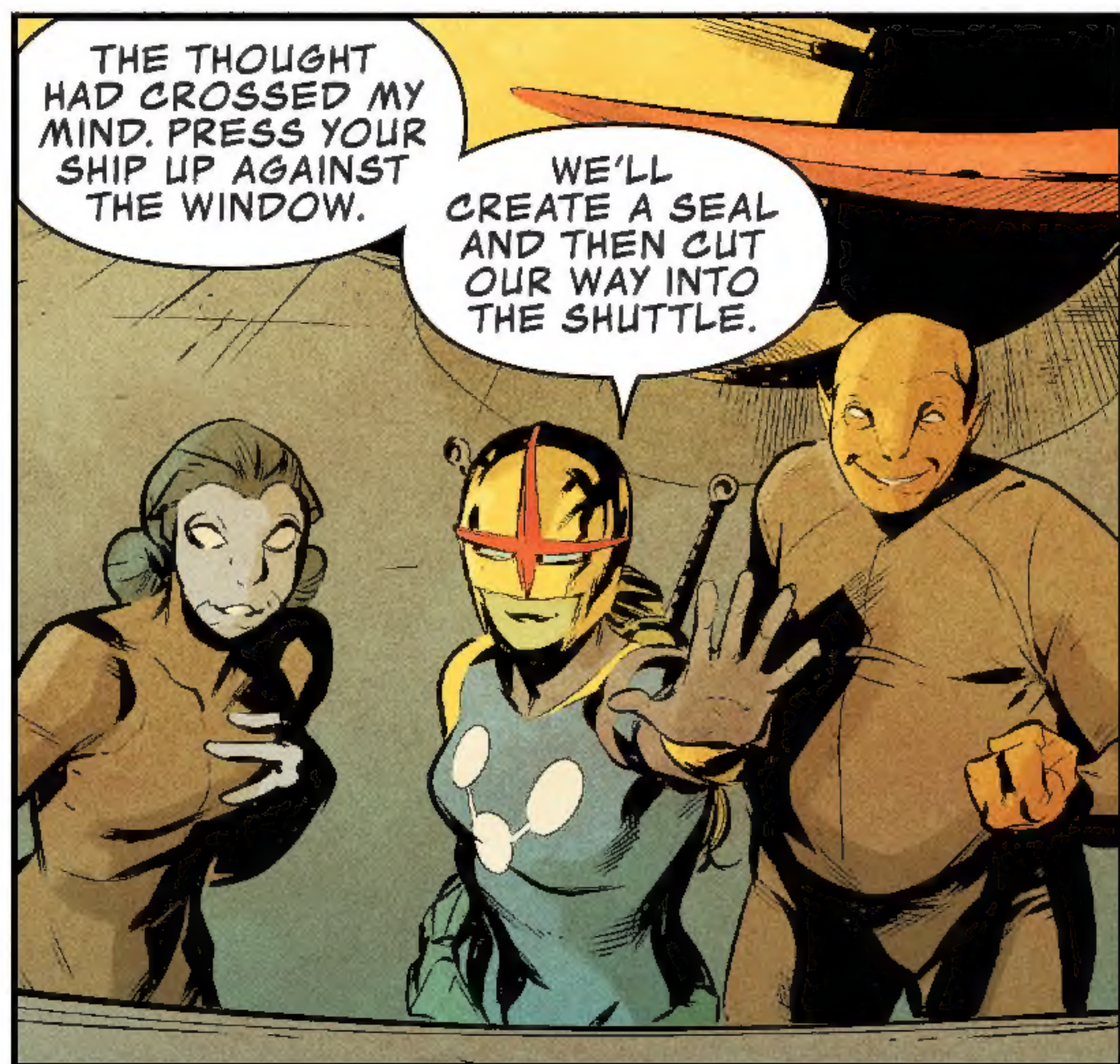
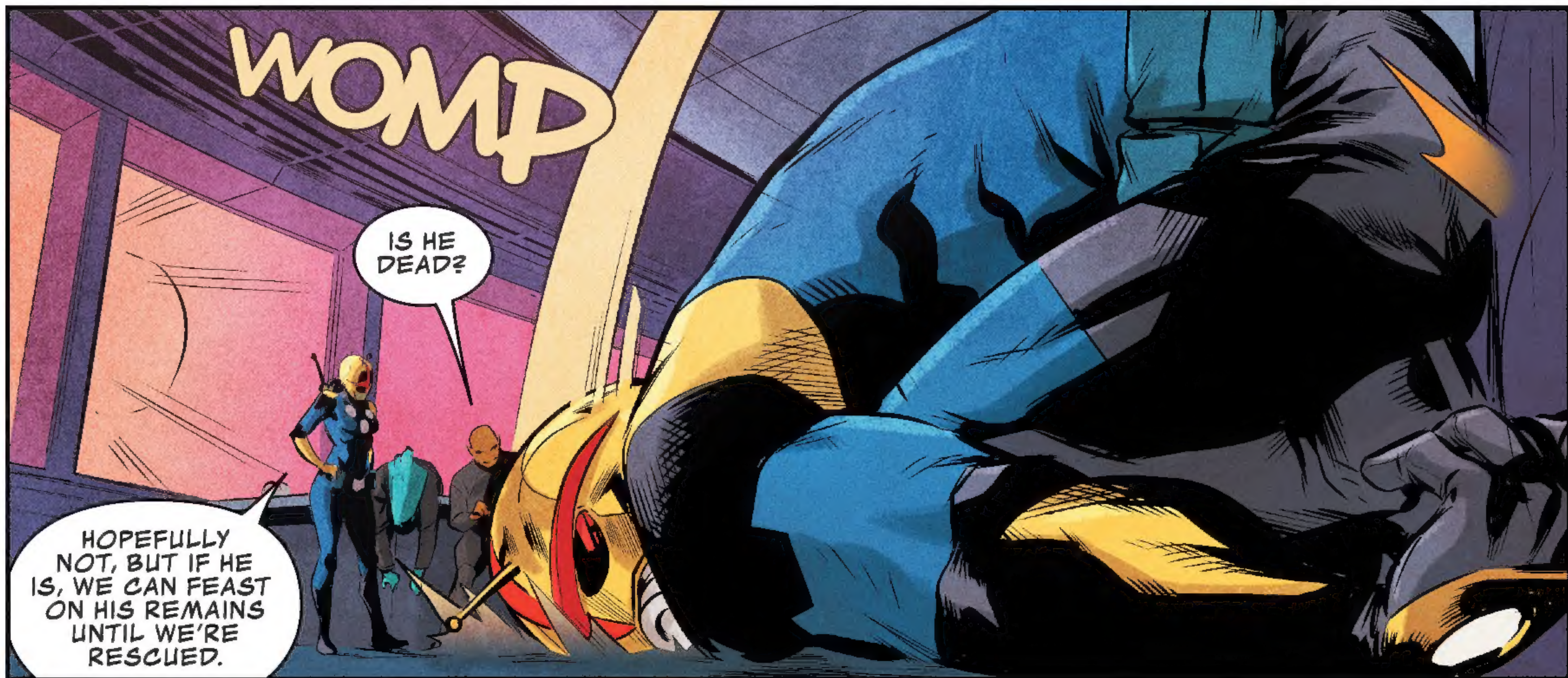
BUT IT  
»HUFF« ALSO  
CAUSES ME TO »HUFF«  
SOMETIMES LOSE  
CONSCIOUSNEZZZZ.

WELL,  
THEY'RE NOT  
GETTING IN  
HERE.

BUT  
WE'RE NOT  
GETTING OUT,  
EITHER.









I GOT THE IMPRESSION GAMORA WOULD'VE PREFERRED TO CHECK OUT THOSE NOVAS ON HER OWN.

I AM GROOT!

YEAH, WELL-- SHE IS THANOS' DAUGHTER.

**THE NOVA HQ.**  
A.K.A. "THE ROCK."

WELL, WELL--WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

LOOTING A DERELICT VESSEL?

THIS SHIP WAS FOUND DESERTED.

AND SO YOU JUST THOUGHT YOU'D HELP YOURSELF TO ALL THE GOODS?

NOT ALL OF US, SIR.

DULY NOTED, NOVA MANTID.

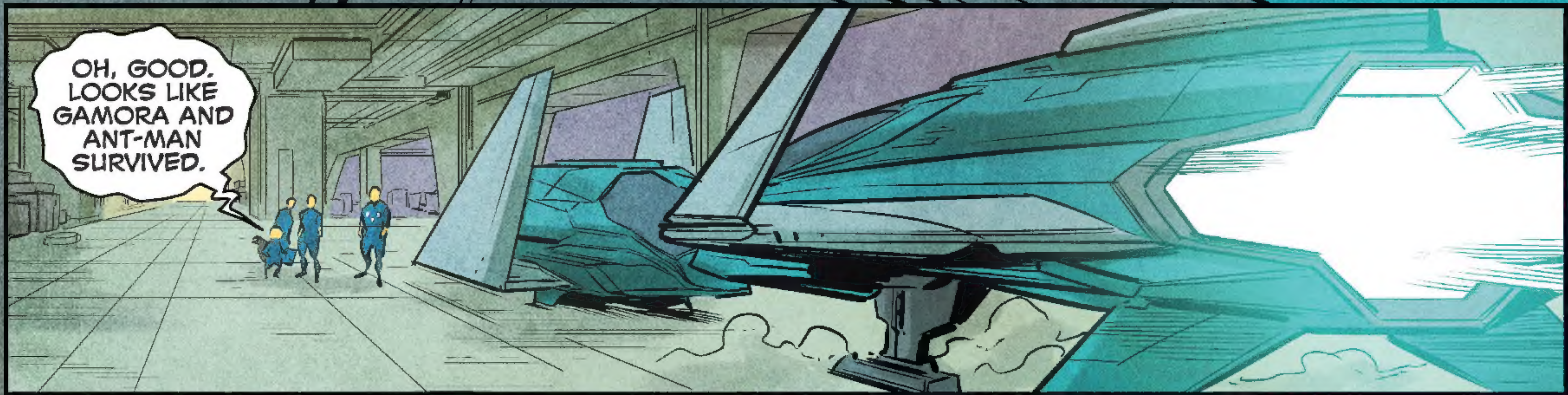
MM-HMM. JUST ONE MORE QUESTION...

NAME THE FENCES YOU WERE GONNA FLIP THIS JUNK TO AND I CAN GO EASIER ON YOU.

ATTENTION, OFFICER ROCKET, SHUTTLES ARE RETURNING FROM THE ATTACKED FLEET.

EXCELLENT.



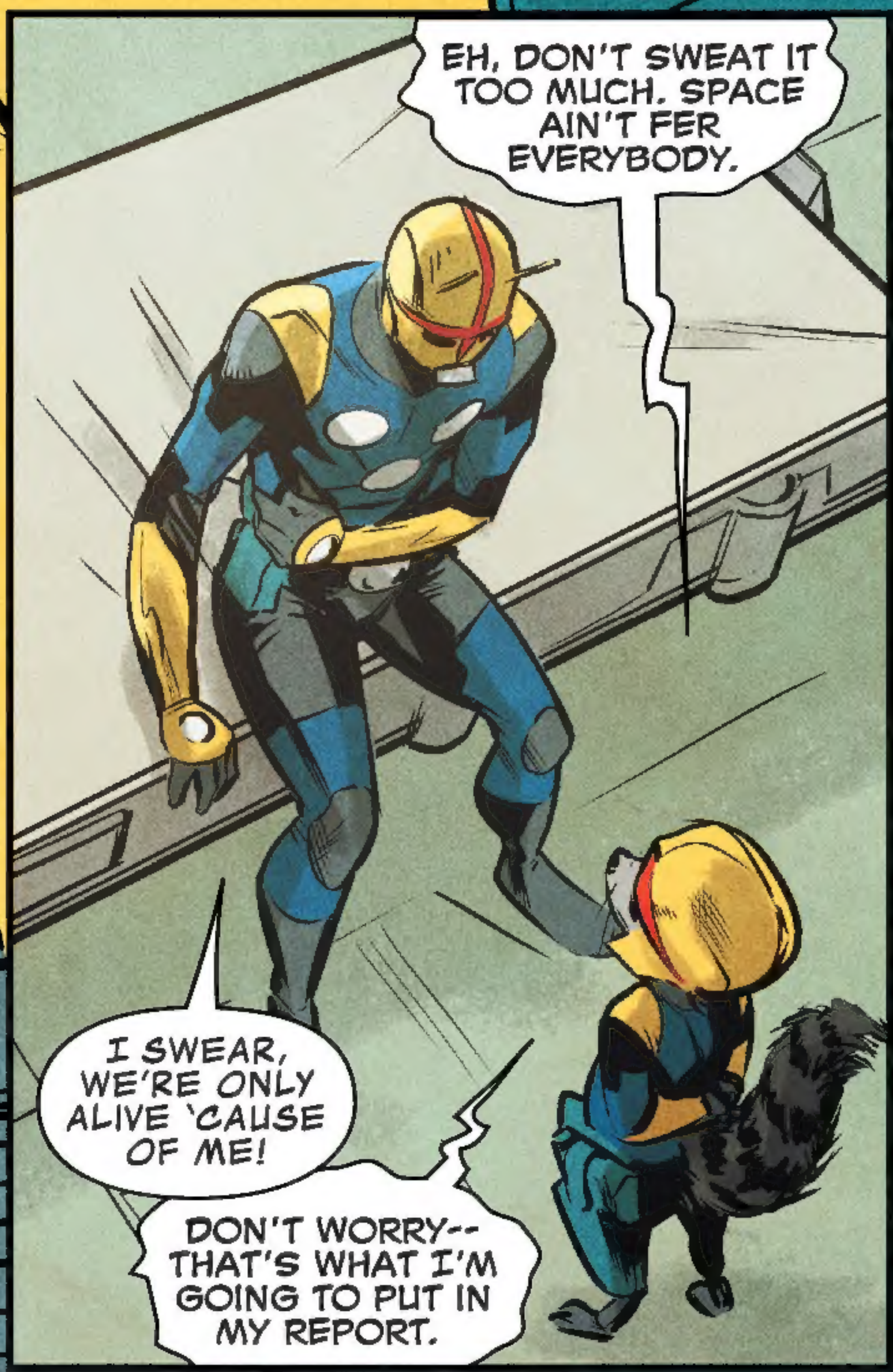


OR  
MAYBE JUST  
GAMORA'S  
BACK?

I FOUND  
SURVIVORS.

AND THE  
NOVAS ON  
THIS MISSION  
PERFORMED  
ADMIRABLY.

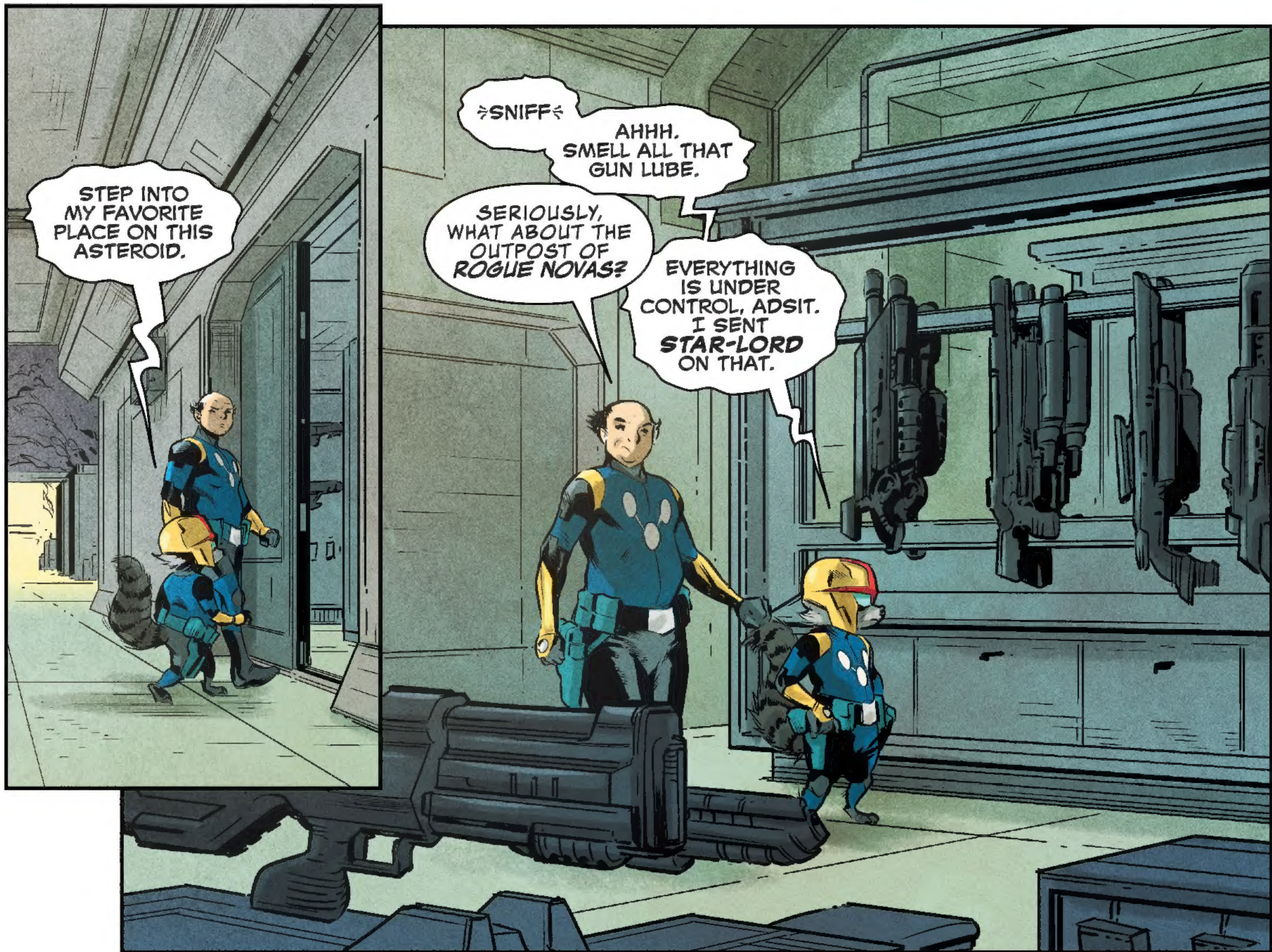
SCOTT LANG  
IS RECOVERING.  
THE REFUGEES  
ARE CARRYING  
HIS GURNEY.



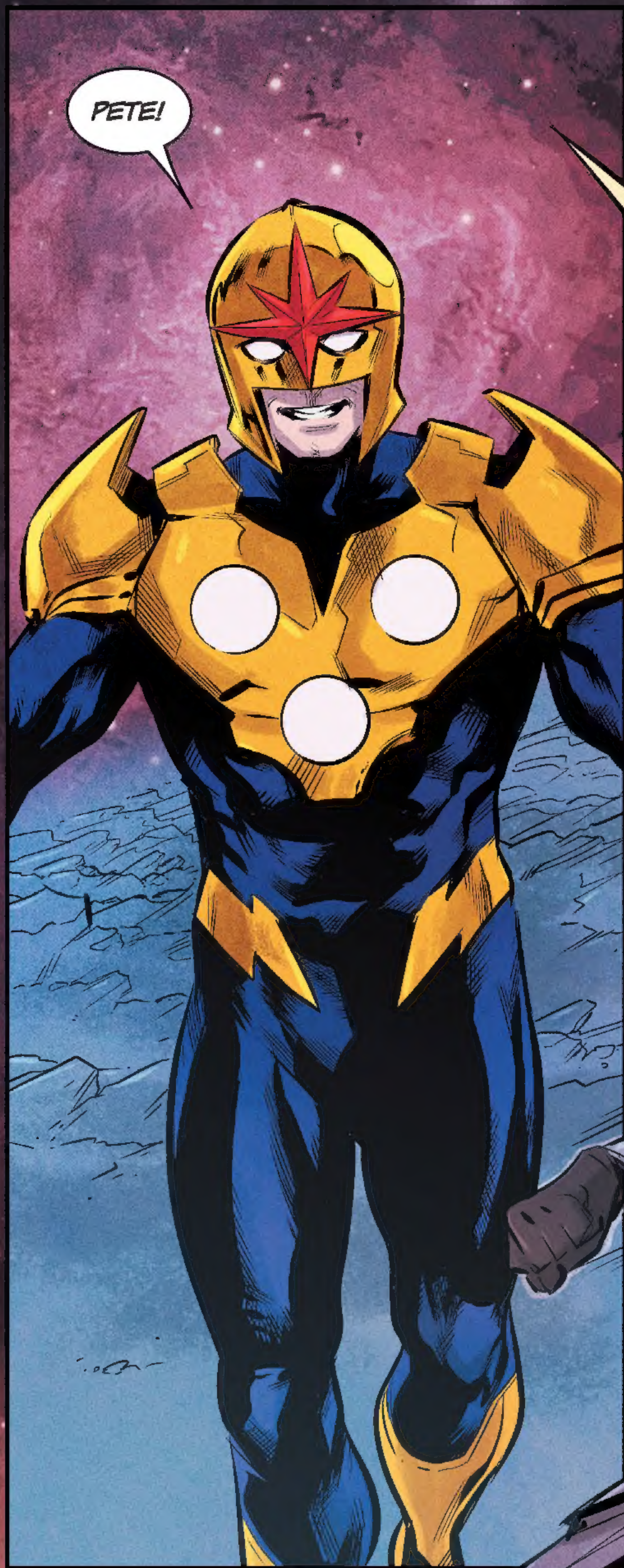












PETE!



UGHN!

WHUDD

RICH RIDER.



WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT FOR?



I DUNNO. YOU TELL ME.



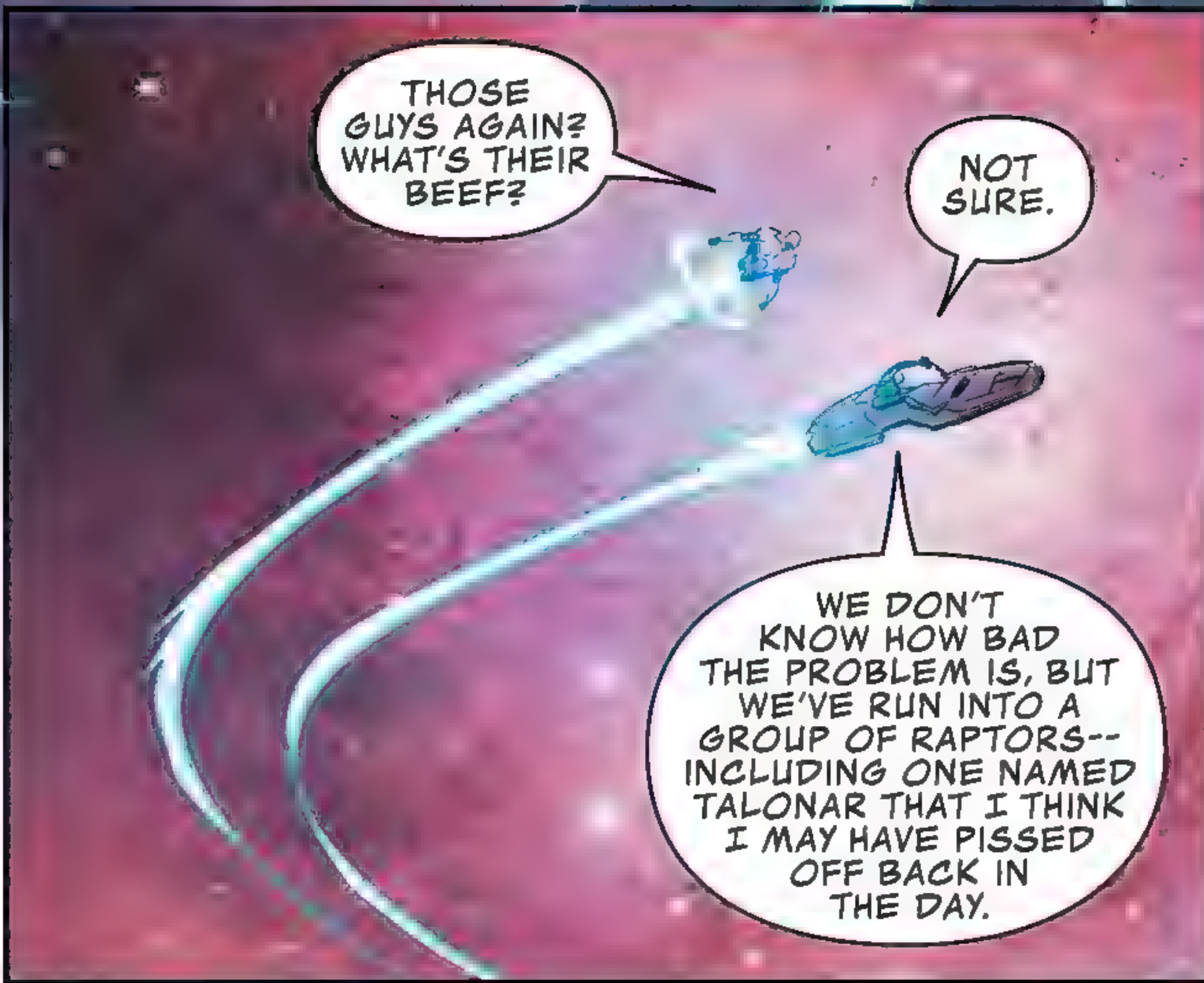






I'M UNDERCOVER IN THE NEW NOVA CORPS RIGHT NOW.

THEY'RE BEING SUBVERTED--WE THINK BY A MILITARISTIC SPLINTER FACTION OF THE SHI'AR EMPIRE THAT ISN'T HAPPY THE CORPS IS BACK.



THOSE GUYS AGAIN? WHAT'S THEIR BEEF?

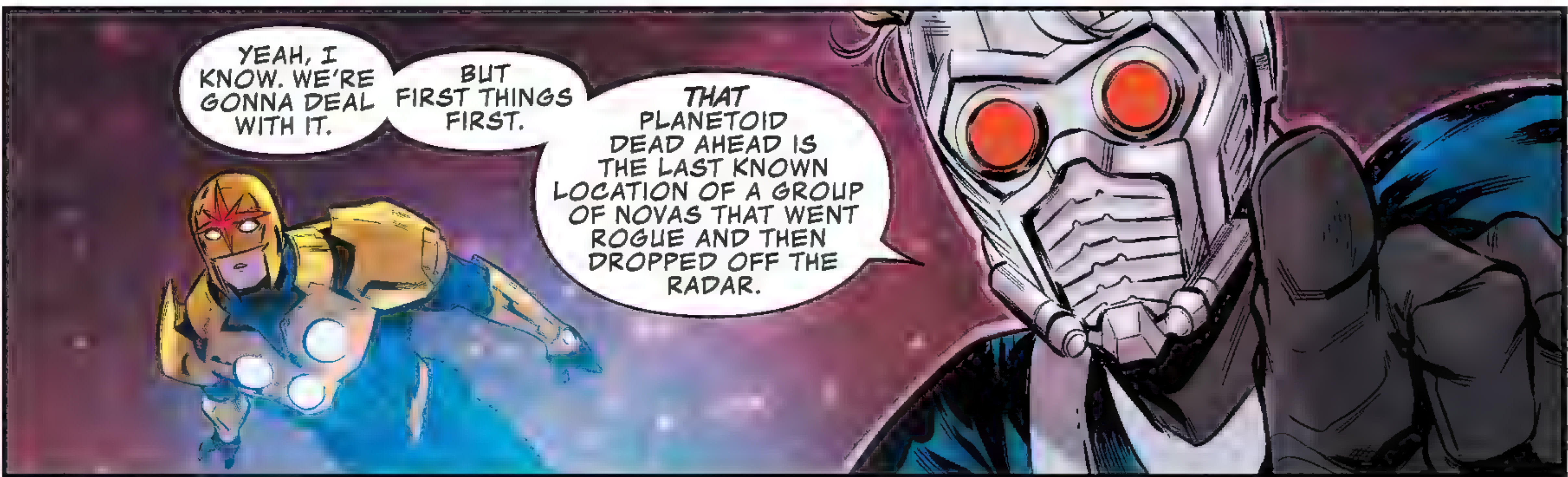
NOT SURE.

WE DON'T KNOW HOW BAD THE PROBLEM IS, BUT WE'VE RUN INTO A GROUP OF RAPTORS--INCLUDING ONE NAMED TALONAR THAT I THINK I MAY HAVE PISSSED OFF BACK IN THE DAY.



HE'S KINDA ARMED WITH MAR-VELL'S NEGA-BANDS.

JEEZ. NEVER A DULL MOMENT WITH YOU GUYS.



YEAH, I KNOW. WE'RE GONNA DEAL WITH IT.

BUT FIRST THINGS FIRST.

THAT PLANETOID DEAD AHEAD IS THE LAST KNOWN LOCATION OF A GROUP OF NOVAS THAT WENT ROGUE AND THEN DROPPED OFF THE RADAR.

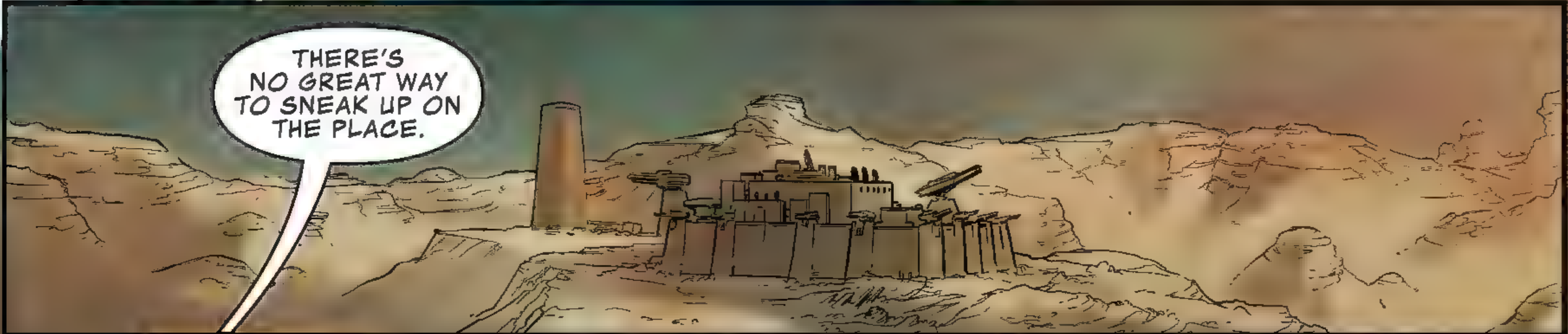




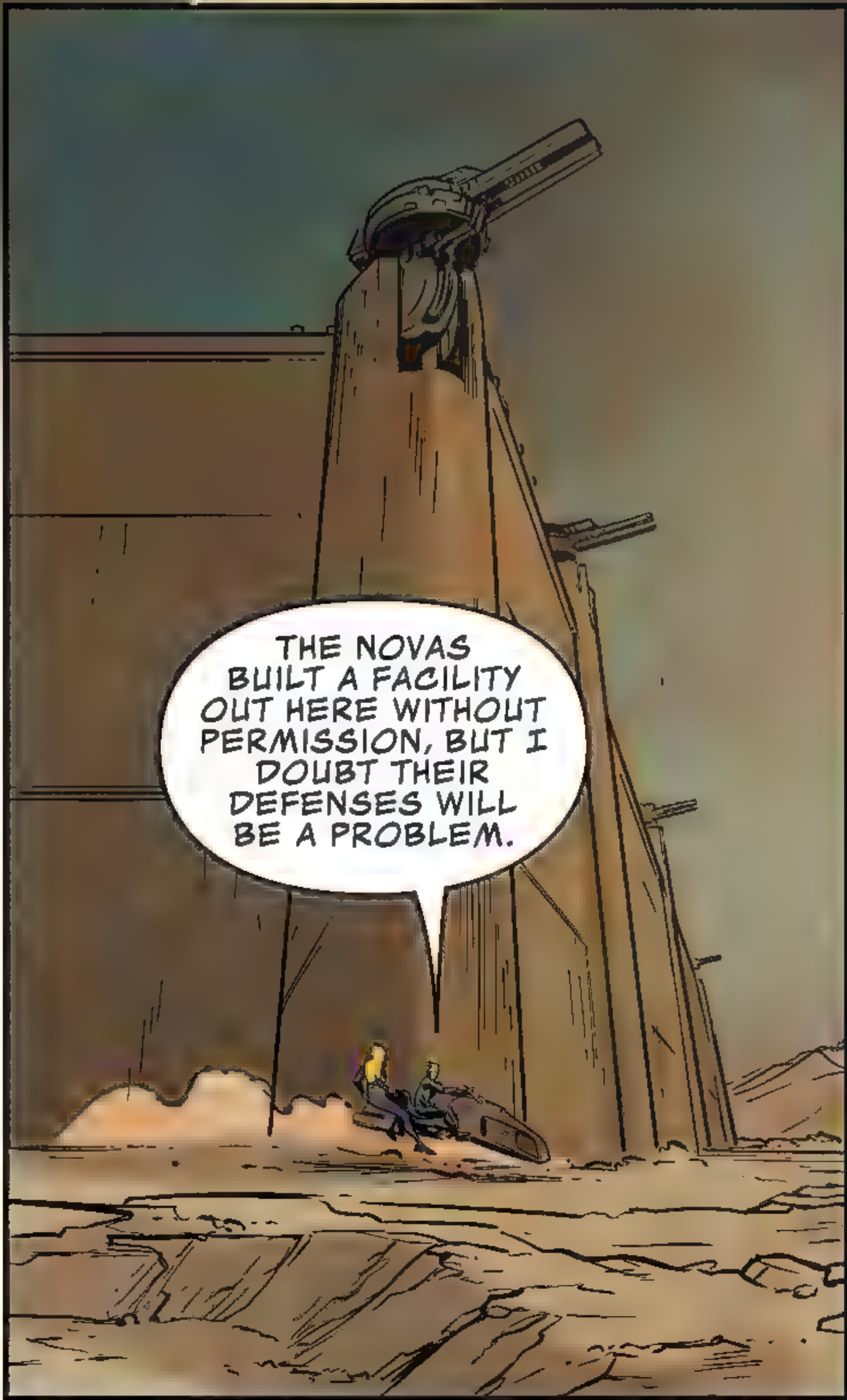
THEY  
EMBEZZLED  
FUNDS, STOLE  
RESOURCES AND  
MAY HAVE EVEN  
KIDNAPPED  
OTHER NOVAS.

WELCOME  
TO THE MIDDLE  
OF NOWHERE. THIS  
IS *XITALUNG*.

IT  
DOESN'T  
EVEN HAVE  
ORE WORTH  
MINING.



THERE'S  
NO GREAT WAY  
TO SNEAK UP ON  
THE PLACE.



THE NOVAS  
BUILT A FACILITY  
OUT HERE WITHOUT  
PERMISSION, BUT I  
DOUBT THEIR  
DEFENSES WILL  
BE A PROBLEM.



*VRRRT*

*VRRRT*

UH-OH.

CRAP.  
MY BAD.





NICE  
SAVE,  
RIDER!

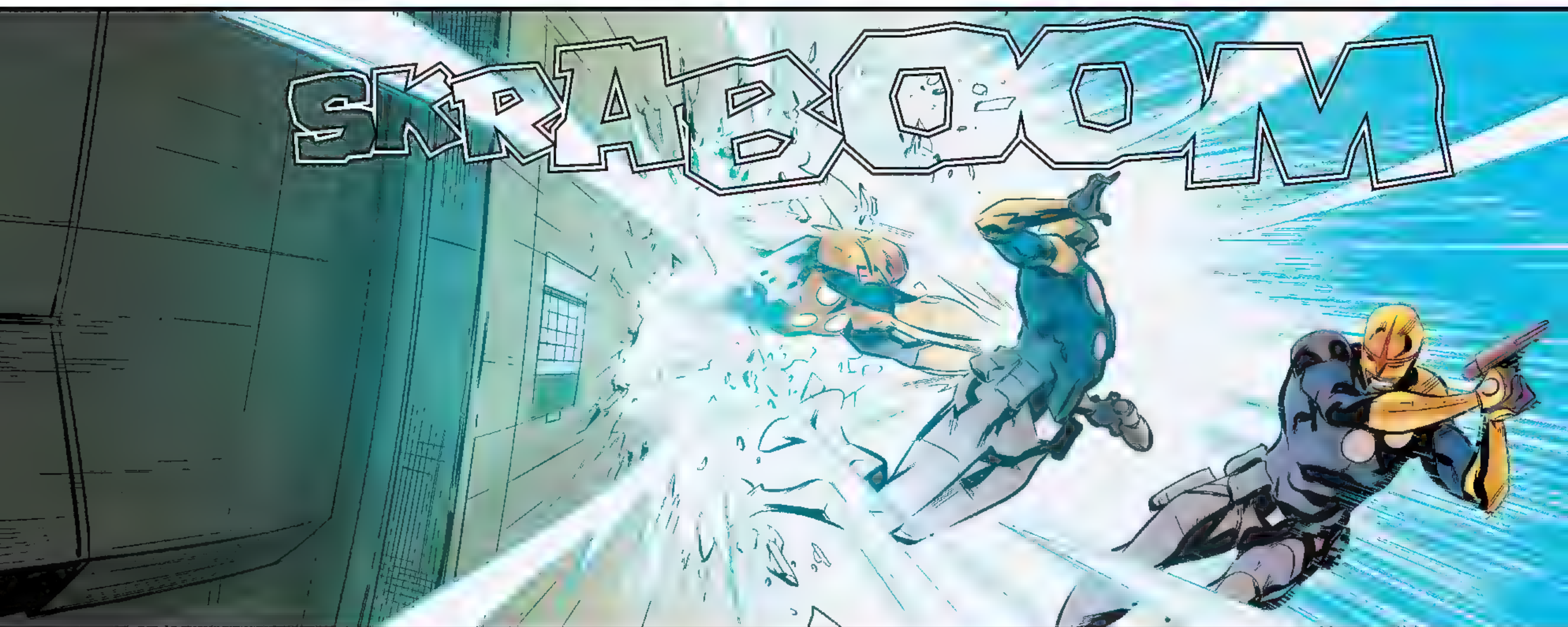
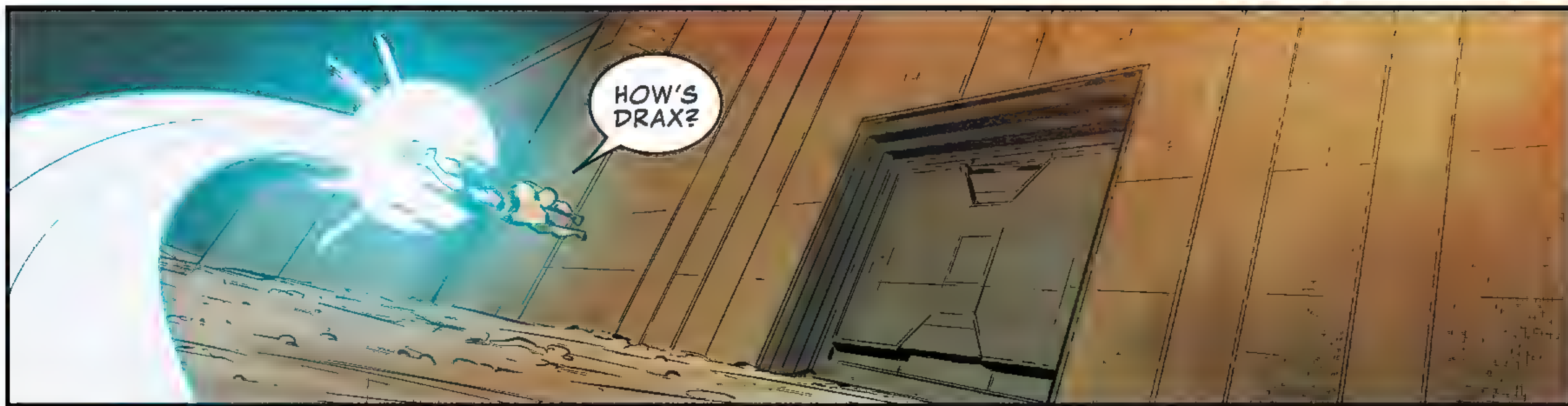
MAYBE STOP  
GUESSING FROM  
NOW ON.

YOU MAKE  
A STRONG  
ARGUMENT--LET'S  
GET INSIDE. YOU  
TAKE THE  
DOOR.

I'VE GOT  
THE ELEMENTAL  
GUN SET TO  
"GENTLE LIGHTNING."  
LET'S GO.









THE  
CORPS LOST  
THANOS?!

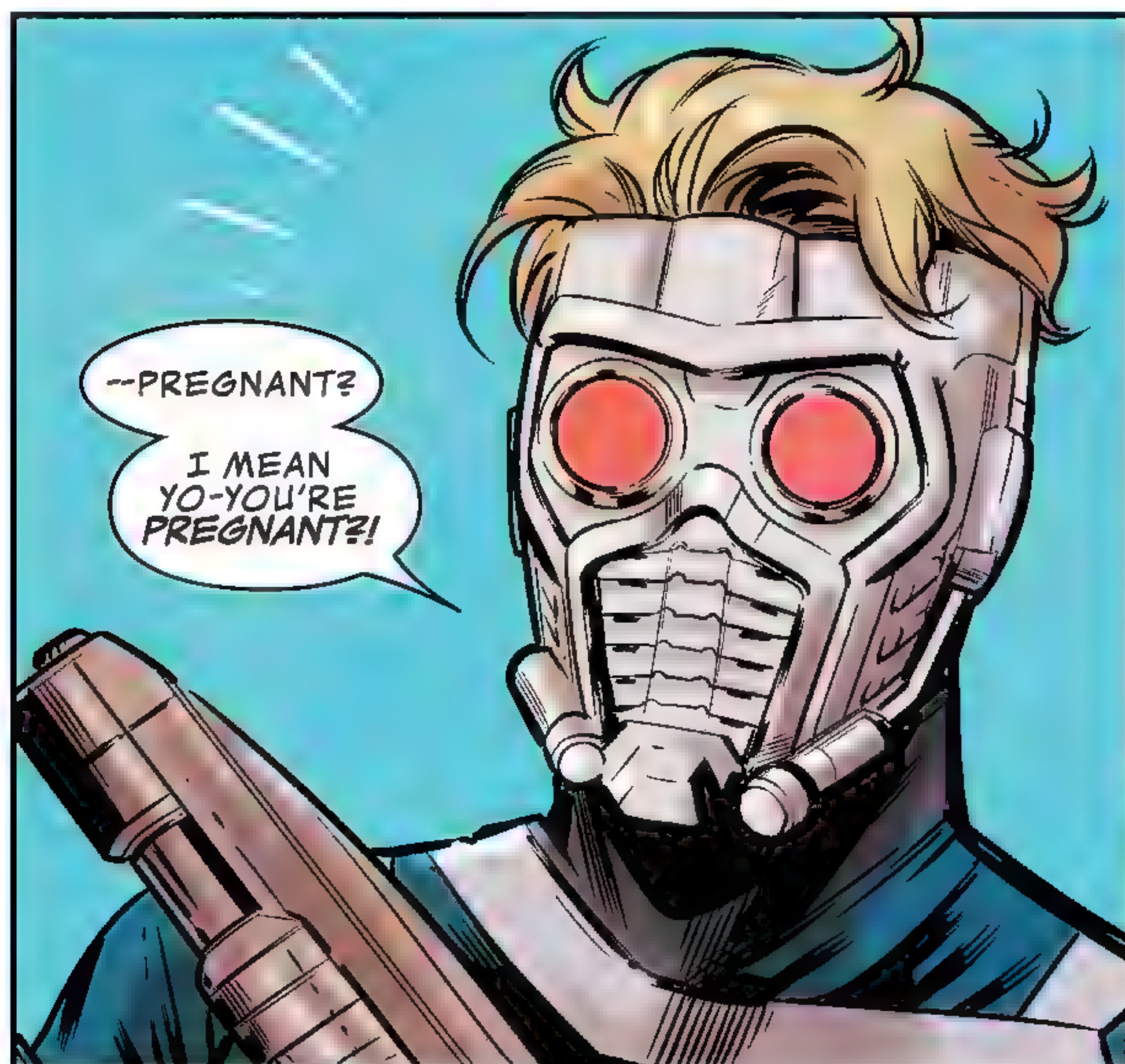
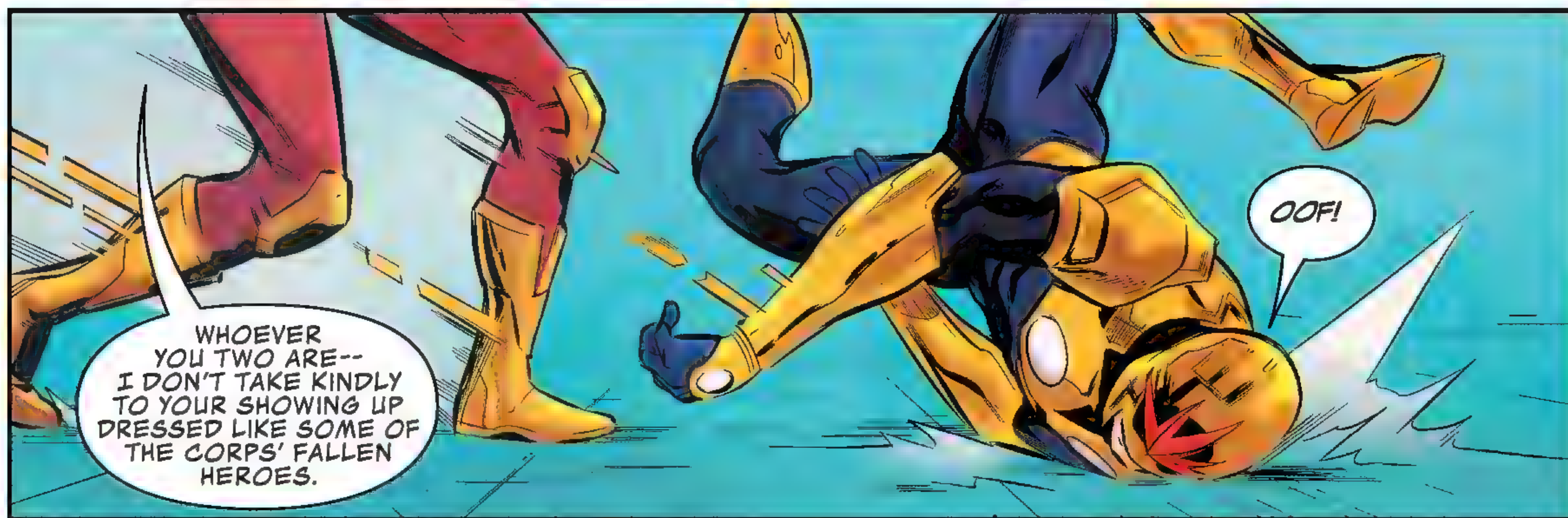
UOHN!

AND THE  
NOVAS DARE  
WONDER WHY  
WE STOPPED  
TRUSTING  
THEM?

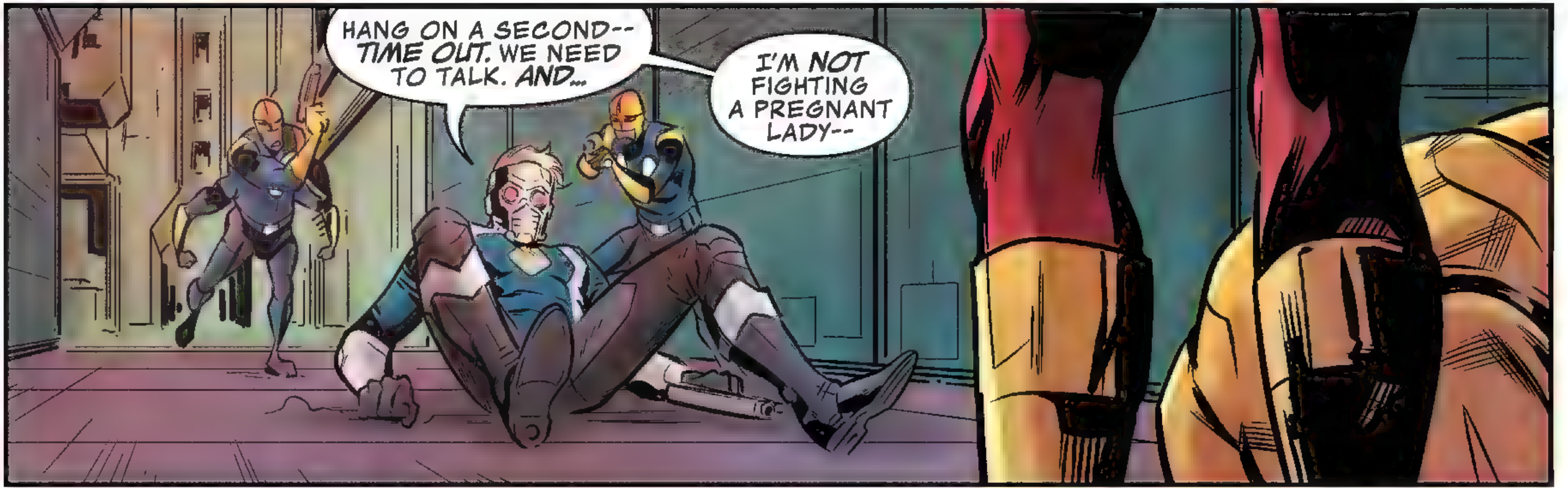
WHAM





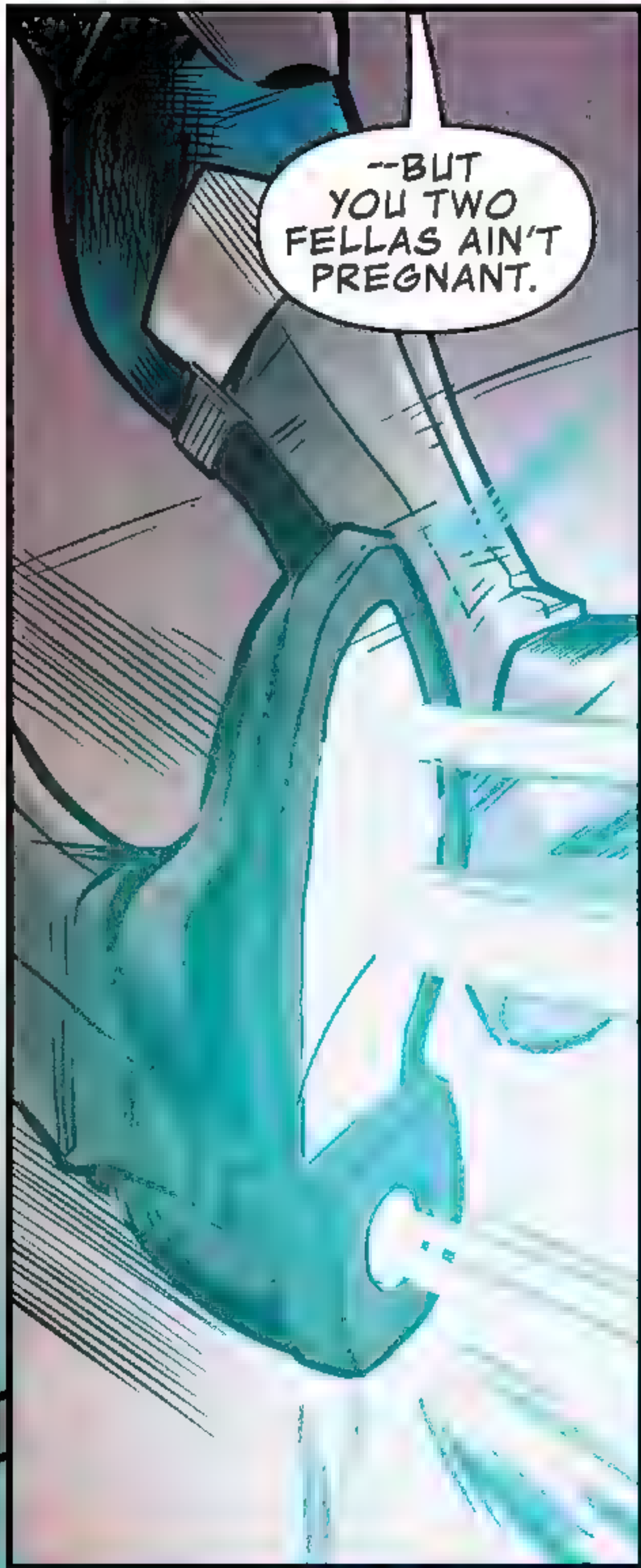






HANG ON A SECOND--  
TIME OUT. WE NEED  
TO TALK. AND...

I'M NOT  
FIGHTING  
A PREGNANT  
LADY--



--BUT  
YOU TWO  
FELLAS AIN'T  
PREGNANT.



YOUR  
SHI'AR MASTERS  
WILL NEVER  
GET IT--

--DO YOU  
UNDERSTAND?

UGHN!



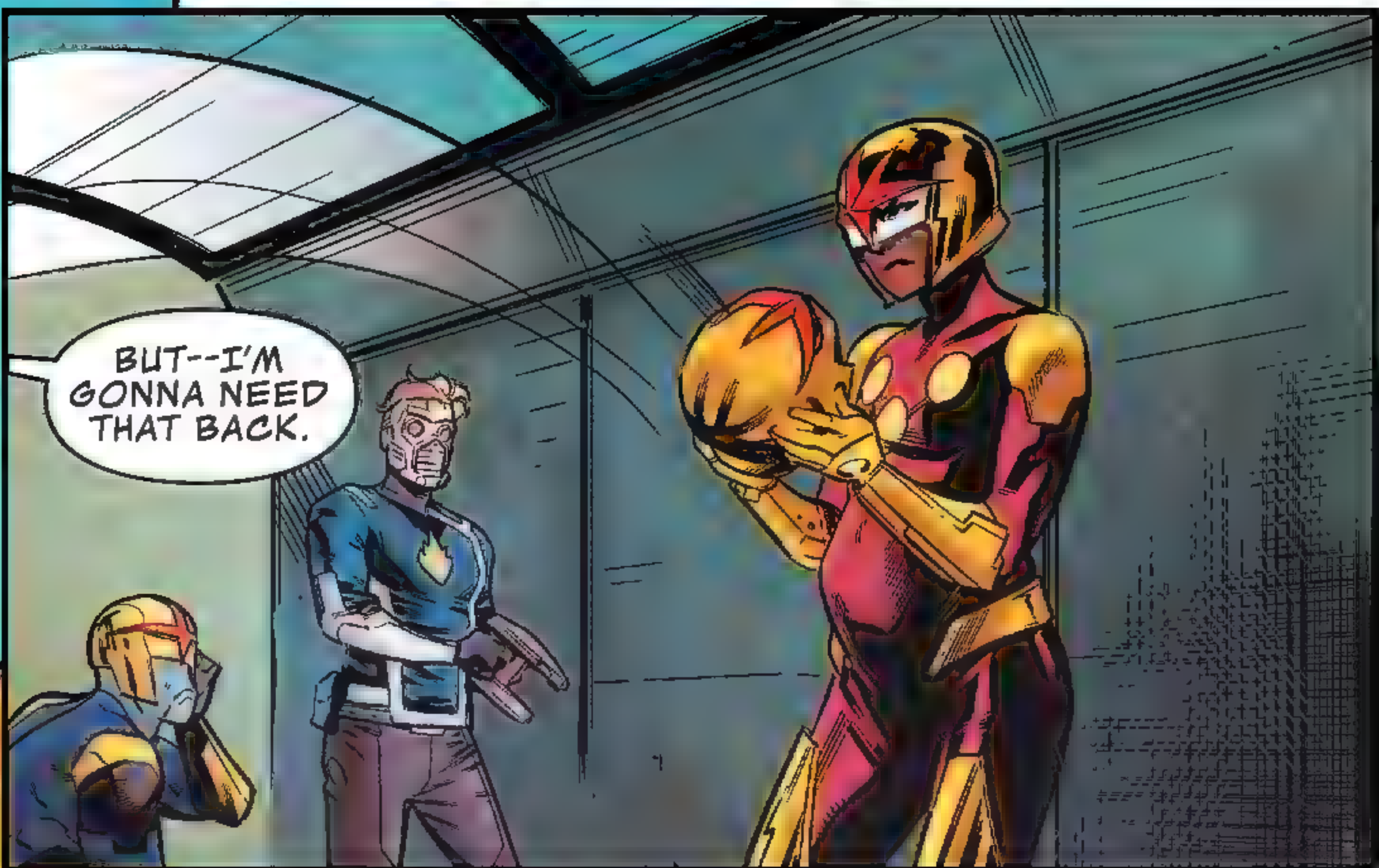
WAIT! WE'RE  
NOT SPIES--WE'RE  
LOOKING FOR SPIES  
THAT HAVE INFILTRATED  
THE CORPS--

--AND NO  
OFFENSE, YOU  
GUYS HAVE BEEN  
ACTING LIKE YOU'VE  
GOT SOMETHING  
TO HIDE.

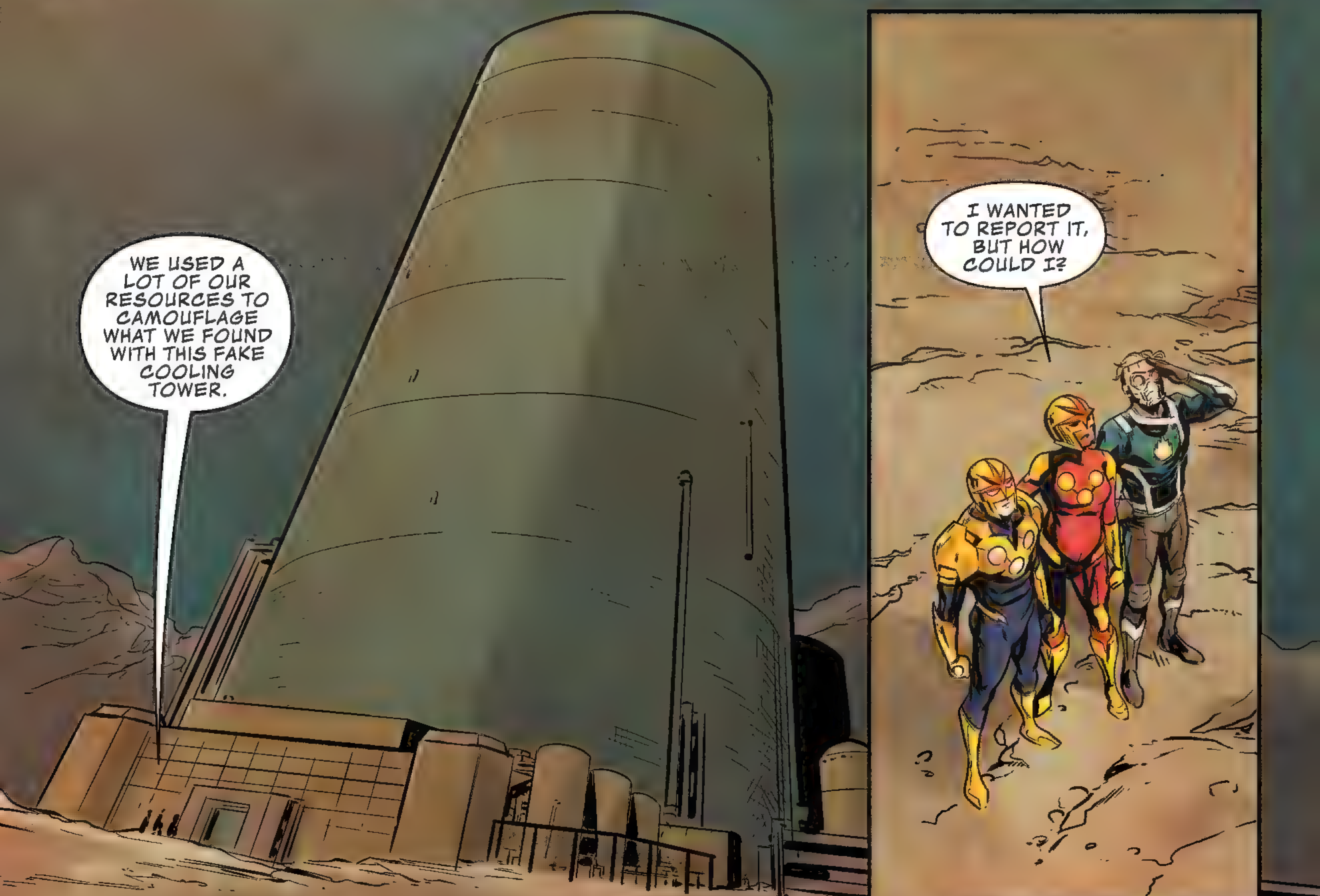
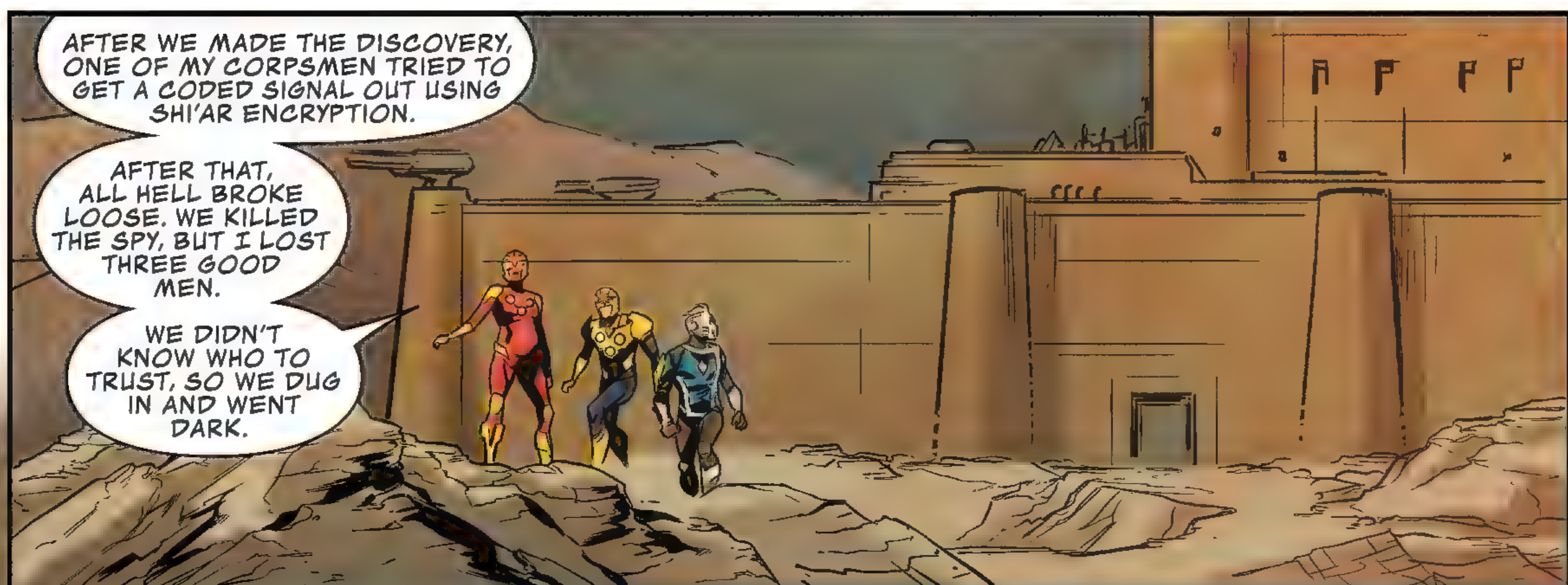
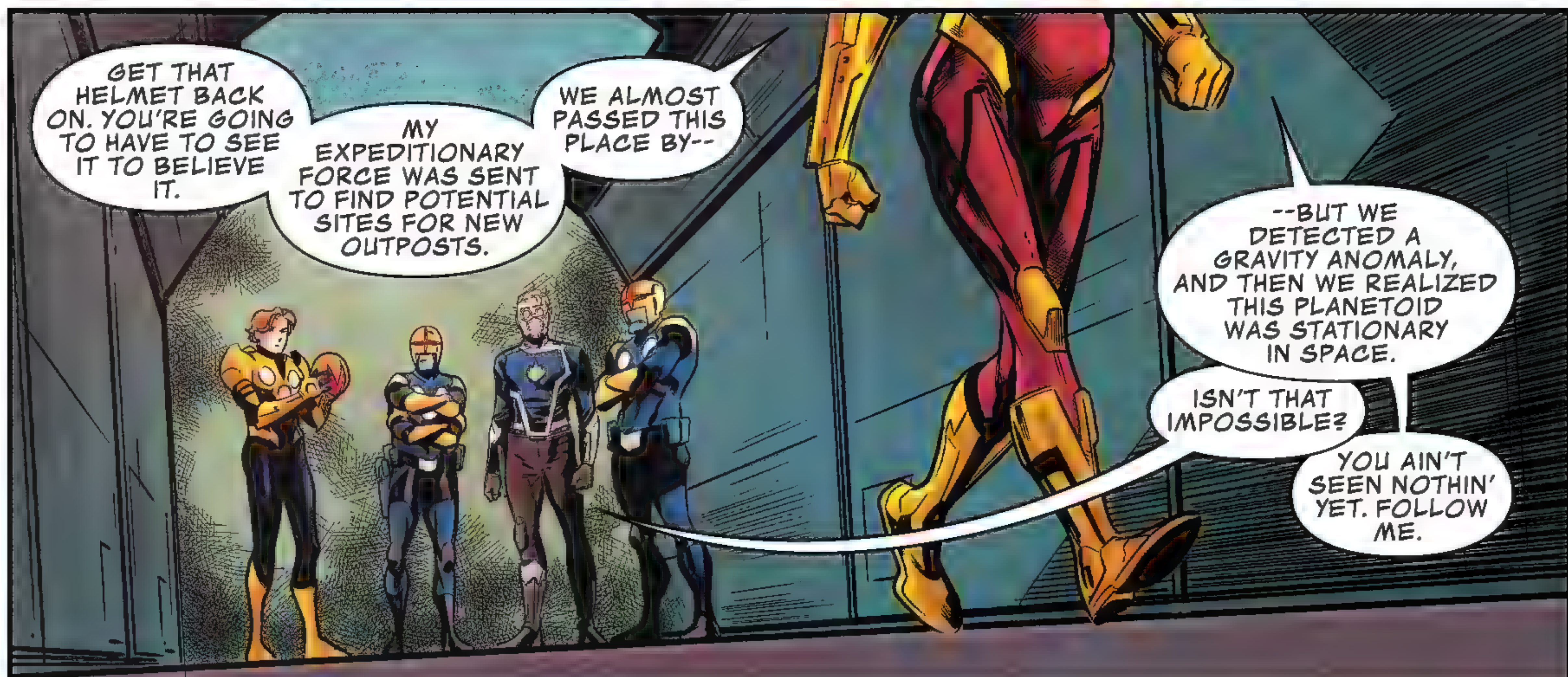
HOW ABOUT  
EVERYBODY COOL  
THEIR JETS AND WE  
HAVE A LITTLE PARLAY?  
I THINK WE MAY BE  
ON THE SAME  
TEAM.

PETE'S  
RIGHT...

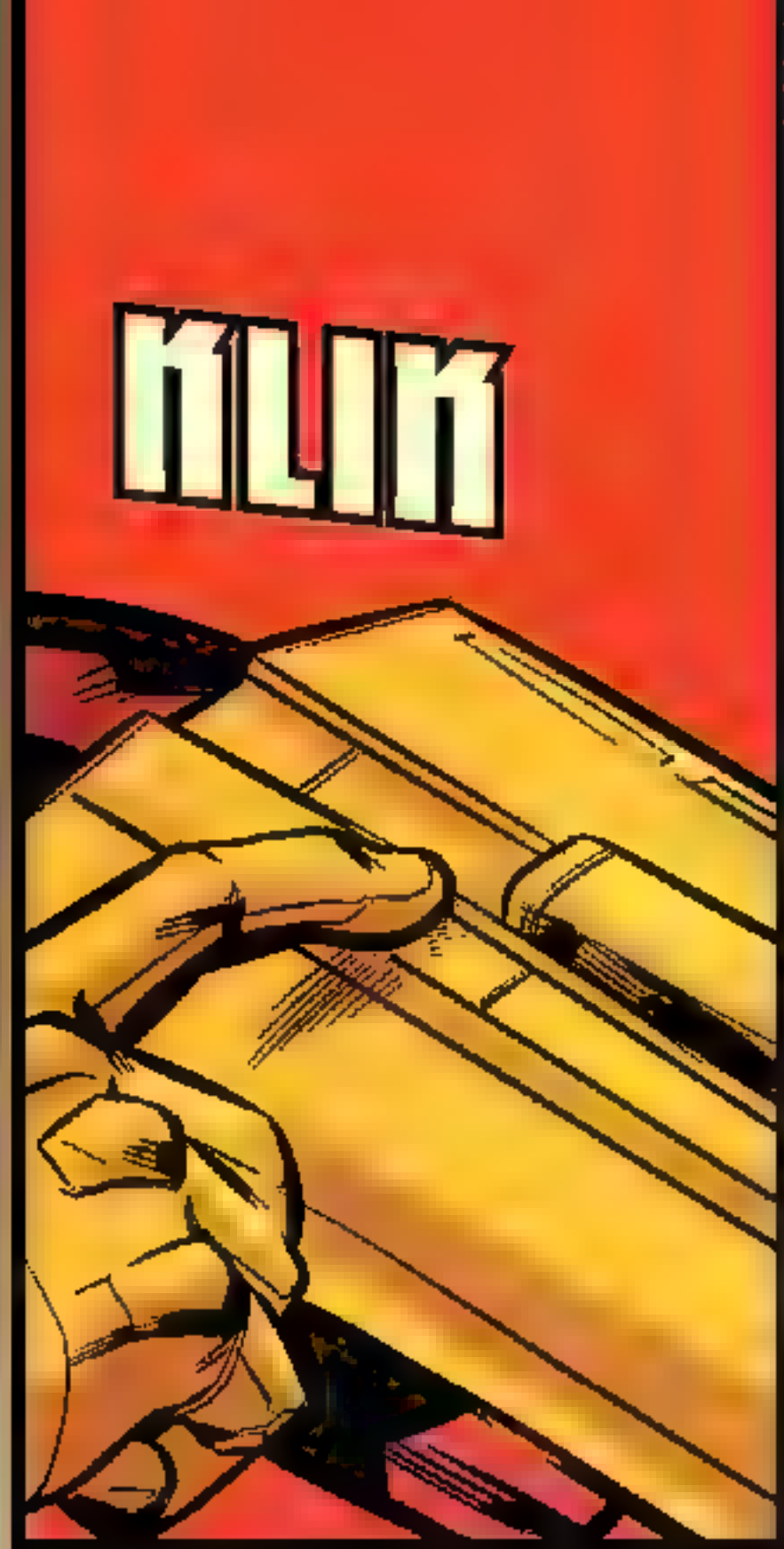






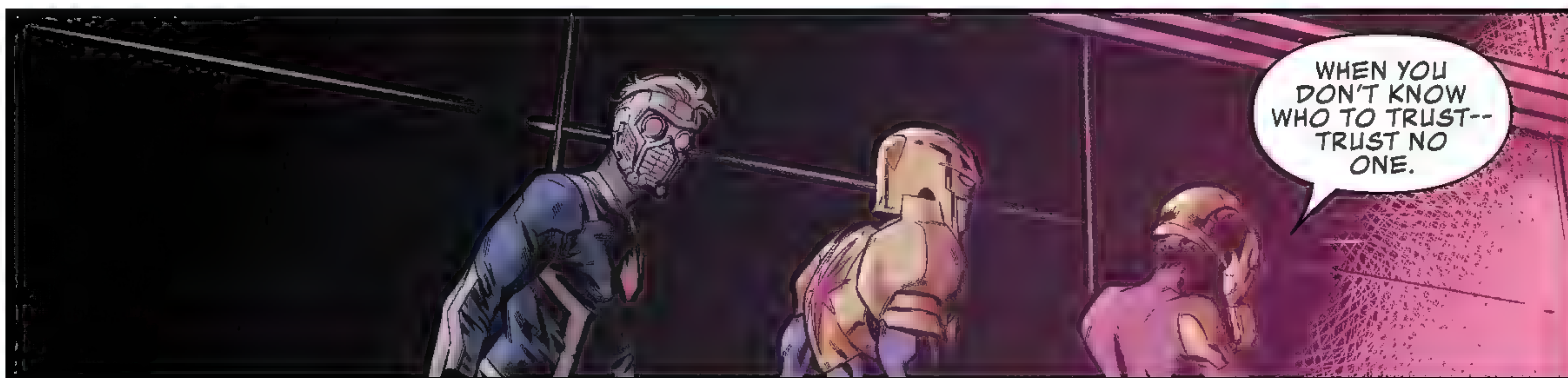






CHOO

THE CORPS  
IS COMPROMISED.  
YOUR ASSIGNMENT  
IS MORE PROOF  
OF THAT.











IT'S AN INFINITY STONE.

HUH. I JUST THOUGHT IT WOULD BE BIGGER.

**TO BE CONTINUED...**



# Next

## ISSUE:



**DANGER PLANETSIDE...**



**...A MYSTERY BOX...**



**...AND VERY BAD BOTANY!**



**PLUS: OH, YEAH--AN INFINITY STONE!**

# GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY #148



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